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[From the Christian Observer.]

ON TRUSTING IN GOD.

(Concluded from page 806.)

GOD invites us to put our trust in him. And is he not trustworthy? The ordinary blessings of life are apt to escape our notice; but our heavenly Father undoubtedly intended them as assurances of his unfailing providence. We can imagine, indeed, a state of existence, of such a nature, that the whole series of circumstances and events should appear to be the mechanical results of some one original impulse. Or we may suppose a world so constituted, that every thing should be manifestly directed by man, as the efficient agent; in which his activity and foresight would be the final causes of all visible things. Under such economies, it might perhaps be pardonable for us to think of the Deity (like the old Epicureans) as the spectator, rather than as the governor of the universe; to acknowledge his general authority, without much regarding his providence. But these are the dreams of fancy, not the realities of nature. The world in which we live is so constituted, that every thing seems to proclaim aloud the perpetual presence of the Almighty. The free-agency of man (that is, his real, and not merely necessary or nominal agency,) though a matter of instinctive and indestructible belief to every one of us, is, in argument far more difficult of proof than the

constant and efficient providence of God. There is not a single phenomenon of thought or perception, respecting which, when correctly analysed, we are not compelled to confess, that we can render no account of it, except, that such is the will of our creator. The history of all physical science is precisely the same. Gravitation, which has assisted us to explain so many of the celestial phenomena, is only a law or tendency, apparent in visible things, of which we can prove the existence, but have discovered nothing more. The chemical properties of bodies are merely appearances, which we may perfectly understand as facts, but which the most skillful examination can only enable us to resolve into other more general appearances; leaving us, with respect to causation, in the same obscurity. Every science has its ultimate principles, and every ultimate principle brings us at once to God. Nor are the lights of philosophy at all necessary for the discovery of this truth. Like the elements of light and heat, it impresses itself on the feelings of the simple, while it speaks to the understandings of the learned. It is the language of every thing within us and around us. The organization of our bodies is so wonderfully delicate, the ramifications of the vascular and nervous systems are so amazing fine, and interwoven with such intricacy, that it is difficult to conceive how we could be kept alive for a single hour, without the preserving power of our Creator unceasingly exercised upon us. And what is the ordinary course of our conduct and experience, but one continued testimony to the watchful providence of God? We lie down upon our beds at the close of day, and consign ourselves, without the slightest solicitude, to a state of passive inefficiency for many hours, well assured that we shall awake on the ensuing morning with every function of life restored and refreshed. We commit the seed to the earth, in full assurance that, after a few weeks, it will spring up in a new form, and that "our valleys will stand thick with corn." Day by day we are clothed and fed, though our hands have neither wrought in the loom nor wielded the sickle. It is idle to speak of this as effected by the mechanism of society: it is provided by the economy of God, who has formed us so wonderfully, and so regularly operates on the faculties and feelings he has given, that every one is secure of finding the supply of his wants in the knowledge and industry of

his neighbour. It is difficult to conceive a spectacle more striking than that which is exhibited every day in a great nation ; where ten, or twenty, or thirty millions of beings, not one of whom can support life without a regular supply of food, retire calmly to rest at night, in a perfect confidence that they shall find a supply for their wants on the following day. Need I add to these general proofs of the superintending care and vigilance of God, those personal experiences, which all of us, I am persuaded, possess of his particular providence ? These indeed are less fitted for argument than the public demonstrations of his agency ; but I appeal to all who have watched the events of their lives with any diligence, whether they have not frequently been of a nature to produce *upon their own minds* a powerful and reasonable conviction, that the Almighty does not behold them with indifference ; that he neither forgets their iniquities nor despises their sufferings ; but mingles mercy with judgment, and vindicates his goodness in both.

If, then, we are persuaded (as surely we must be) that God is both infinite in excellence and highly deserving of our confidence, let us consider what it is to put our trust in him. The true nature of a thing may generally be best understood by contemplating its most perfect specimen. Trust in God was exhibited in its utmost possible perfection, when Christ hung upon the cross for man. He could have called down legions of angels, but he knew what was the will of his Father, and " he committed himself to him who judgeth righteously." His strength and spirits sank under his sufferings ; the powers of darkness were triumphant ; the shades of death gathered fast around him ; his God had forsaken him ; yet the last accent that faltered on his lips avowed his full conviction, that the arm of the Lord was not shortened, nor the empire of righteousness subverted. It is the peculiar character of a lively trust in God, that " against hope it believeth in hope." When all is cheerful around, and health, and friends and fortune unite to shower their bounties on us, there is little danger of falling into an anxious, desponding temper. But health is not always firm, friends are not ever present, and fortune is exceedingly fickle. Perhaps some little distress first overtakes us ; vexations and disappointments follow ; a diminution of fortune succeeds ; sorrows thicken fast upon us ; the strong wall, that seemed

to fence in our blessings so securely, is almost levelled ; and calamities roll in, wave after wave, till we are ready to perish. How is it with us now ? Can we still repose on the watchful providence of God, and trust in his mercy ? Let us remember, that these are the seasons in which the character is to be strengthened, and the sincerity of our professions established. Can we say that we love God, when the flame of our affection is ready to expire with the first gust of misfortune ? Do we pretend that we put our whole trust in him, yet despair of his mercy, and almost deny his providence, though nothing in the whole world is altered but our condition ? It is alike the office of reason and of faith to correct the delusions of our senses, to place things before us in their true proportions, and prevent our being deceived by mere appearances. A firm trust in the wisdom and beneficence of God is at once the evidence and exercise of both.

But the duty of trusting in God is not limited to the seasons of distress. Then, indeed, it is the most severely tried ; and in proportion to the severity of the trial it is invigorated. But the general uncertainty of human concerns requires an internal principle of strength that is equally extensive ; the constant care and kindness of our Maker demand the return of an unceasing confidence. Trust in God will produce in every period, and under all the varied circumstances of life, a settled preference of spiritual things over those which are temporal. Suppose any conceivable temptation : the question always is, do you dare to rely upon the faithfulness of your Maker ; to renounce the pleasure, to support the suffering, from a rational regard to his will ; to " endure, as seeing him who is invisible ?" Let it not be imagined that the seasons in which this duty is to be exercised recur only at intervals ; they are daily and hourly. You are poor, perhaps, and some sad child of affliction comes to plead for your compassion : trust in God, and be bountiful. You are engaged in business, and others, less scrupulous than you, are advancing before you : trust in God, and be just. You are so peculiarly situated, that a slight prevarication or improper concealment would greatly favor your interests, and enable you to prevent serious uneasiness to yourself or others : trust in God, and be sincere. Whoever will honestly attend to all the various occasions in which he is called upon to testify his con-

idence in God by acting in contradiction to present appearances, will assuredly discover that this principle, though its utmost energies are developed only under the pressure of great calamities, communicates its influence to the minutest concerns ; insinuating itself insensibly, where the Christian character is matured, into the whole system of life ; and, like the element we breathe, imparting purity and vigor wherever it prevails, though itself, perhaps, unseen by those whom it refreshes.

It is natural, for those whose hearts are deeply penetrated with a sense of the beneficence of their Maker, to inquire with some solicitude how they may offer to him an acceptable service ; what are the actions, what the dispositions, which he will consider as more peculiarly consecrated to his glory. Certainly, among the many motives which recommend the duty of putting our trust in God, the consideration best fitted to effect a grateful and generous spirit is, that it is a homage peculiarly pleasing to his Creator. It may even be said, without presumption, that it is a tribute in some measure worthy of him. We have confidence in those we love. We have confidence in those whom we highly esteem and venerate. To trust in God, is to declare practically (and this is a very different matter from the mere profession) that we believe him to be such as he really is, all-powerful, of unfailing wisdom and faithfulness, abundant in mercy and loving kindness. This is an acknowledgment which in the nature of things *must* be acceptable. It is a service not of the lips, but of the heart. It is an avowal in the sight of the universe, that " this God is our God." It is a solemn and effective recognition of his authority, and of our entire resignation to it. What parent is not gratified to find, that in the midst of apparent severity or neglect, his child has ever placed an entire reliance on his affection ? Who does not feel his heart glow with gratitude towards those who have loved him in absence and silence, and with perhaps the appearances of alienation on his part ? When Alexander gave into the hands of his friend and physician, the paper which accused him, of perfidy, and in the same instant swallowed the medicine which he was informed would be fatal, what words can do justice to the feelings of both ? We are not presumptuous in thus transferring the ideas which are attached to the most intimate relations in this life to spiritual concerns ;

because, when God vouchsafed to assume the characters under which he has revealed himself to us in holy writ, he certainly intended not merely to instruct us in our duties towards him, but to animate and console us by the communication of his sentiments and dispositions towards us. And conformably to these views, we find, that of the many celebrated actions of holy men, which have been handed down to us, none are marked with stronger testimonies of the approbation of God, than those which indicated a very lively confidence in him. Such was Abraham's departure from his native land, and that solemn act of faith by which he offered up his only begotten son. Such was the cheerful courage of Caleb and Joshua, when the body of the Israelites refused to march into the land of Canaan. Such was "the holy enthusiasm of young David," when he fought and slew the champion of the Philistines. Such was the pious humility of Hezekiah, when he committed to God the protection of his people against the overwhelming forces of the Assyrians. "Now these things were written for our example, that we, through patience and comfort of the scriptures, might have hope."

It seems a sort of injustice to the subject, after urging the motives for putting our trust in God which have been last mentioned, to speak of the benefits which will result to ourselves. God, however, who knows his creatures and desires their happiness, has multiplied the inducements to his service, so that no reasonable or virtuous principle of action in the heart of man may be left unaddressed. Indeed, the rewards which he proposes to Christians, are of so spiritual a nature, that while contemplated in one aspect, they appear fitted to operate upon that sense of interest and rational desire of happiness which belongs to every living creature, in another character they address the feelings of the heart in a language of the most persuasive eloquence. The blessings which Revelation offers are ever of a nature to bring us nearer to God, the source and consummation of them all. This great principle, which breathes through the whole of religion, is visible in that portion of it which we are now considering.

I know not, indeed, that any words can more beautifully describe the blessedness of trusting in God, than those of the twenty-third Psalm; "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. He

maketh me to lie down in green pastures ; he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul ; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness, for his name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil : for thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies : thou anointest my head with oil : my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever." What cheerfulness, what courage, what peace, what holy gratitude and heavenly piety breathe through this noble composition ! These are the rewards of placing our confidence in God ; and, however our timid hearts and wavering intellects may deceive us, these are the true and everlasting sources of happiness. These are the riches with which no stranger intermeddles. "The kingdom of heaven is within you." In this land of shadows visible things are continually pressing upon the senses, and a careless unreflecting world pays them a ready homage. We admire wealth ; we value highly the estimation of our neighbours ; we are vain of hereditary honours ; we pant for political renown. Poverty and unimportance in society are dreaded as the last of evils. We are frightened with phantoms, and grasp at baubles. But, whoever will set himself to read the word of God diligently, and with honesty and courage contemplate the real nature of things, will be convinced that no external good can constitute the proper happiness of a being such as man. Born for immortality, and endowed with an intellectual and moral nature, his true felicity must certainly be sought in those things which are permanent as himself ; in whatever may furnish a fit and noble employment for his faculties, or awaken his feelings to emotions of generosity and affection. Thanks be to God this world, with all its imperfections, supplies abundantly occasions for both. But God is himself the highest object to which the soul in all its powers can be directed. None ever trusted in him, without increasing in spiritual strength. None ever trusted in him, without discovering more and more of the plans of his providence, and of the depth of his unsearchable wisdom. None ever trusted in him, without tasting largely of his bounty. To trust in God, in its more advanced state, is to have the image of

his perfectious ever before us ; to live in his continual presence, encircled, as it were, by the visible forms of his majesty and goodness. What words can adequately pourtray the dignity of such a condition ; the tranquillity it communicates, the courage it inspires, the joy and gratitude, and holy affections it breathes through the soul ! “ Oh taste and see how gracious the Lord is ; blessed are all they that put their trust in him.”

CRITO.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Extract of a Letter from Rev. Dr. Carey to Rev. Dr. Rogers, of Philadelphia, dated Oct. 20, 1812.

My Dear Brother,

I HAVE been at the gate of death again lately, and am scarcely recovered yet. A bilious fever so reduced me, that I had no hope of a recovery. On a survey of my state, I thought I could clearly see that all my hopes were fixed on my Redeemer : but with respect to myself I could perceive nothing but a long scene of ingratitude to God, and neglect of his ways, such as to fill me with deep loathing of myself.

Great have been the ravages made among us by death in the last year. Brother and sister Mardon, and two of their children—two children of brother Chamberlain—sister Moore—and three more children, all removed in twelve or fourteen months. How entirely do we depend on God for every thing.

Our printing-office was also destroyed by fire—a loss of 60,000 rupees to the Mission, besides 10,000 to the Bible Society. This was a heavy blow, not only on account of the pecuniary loss, but as it totally stopped our printing of the Scriptures in the oriental languages. The manuscripts consumed will not be all replaced for a long time to come. however hard we labor at them.

We however immediately began to recast the types, and to labor to begin printing again as soon as possible. May the Lord stand by us, and enable us to hold on in this great work till it be accomplished. I am printing a grammar of the Punjabee lan-

guage, and another of the Telinga, and am preparing grammars of the Kurnata and Orrissa languages. My son, who is now for a short time with us, is preparing a grammar of the Burman language.

The work of conversion is going forward in several places, but particularly at Calcuttâ. About twenty persons are now expecting to join the church there in a month or two more. The Lord has done great things for us, in that and other places, and given us much occasion to rejoice in his name.

We have stations now at Agra, Digah, Patna, Goarnalty, Dinapore and Sadamahl, Cutwa, Changach'ha in Jessore, Serampore, Calcutta, Balasore in Orrissa, Rangoon, and at Columba in Ceylon. Brother Robinson is waiting for a conveyance to Java, and brother Carapiet Aratoon to Bombay, where they hope to found stations.

My son Felix arrived here about a month ago from Rangoon : He is now laboring to print at least the gospel by St. Matthew, to take back with him. He is also going to print a grammar of that language. That country is in a most deplorable state, through its intestine commotions and the oppressions of the government, which is beyond conception.

Letter from Mrs. Newell.

The following Letter was written by Mrs. Newell, the wife of one of the American Missionaries, to Mrs. Carleton, dated at the Mission-House at Serampore, in June and July, 1812.

The last request of my dear Mrs. Carleton, when quitting the beloved land of my nativity, and the sincere affection which I feel for her are my principal inducements for ranking her among the number of my American correspondents. I have witnessed scenes this morning, calculated to excite the most lively sensations of compassion in the feeling mind. My heart, though, so often a stranger to pity, has been pained within me. Weep, oh my soul, over the forlorn state of the benighted heathens ; and oh that the friends of Immanuel in my christian country would shake off their criminal slothfulness, and arise for the help of the Lord against

the mighty, in lands wherethe prince of darkness long has been adored.

The worship of the great god of the Hindoos, has this day been celebrated. We were apprized yesterday at sun-set of its near commencement, by the universal rejoicing of the natives, which lasted through the night. This morning we went in a budgerow, (a kind of boat) to see the worship. Between 15 and 20,000 worshippers were assembled. The idol Juggernaut, was taken from his pagoda, or temple, and bathed in some water taken from the river Ganges, which they consider sacred, and then replaced in his former situation, with shouts of joy and praise; *this* I did not see, the crowd was so great. After this, the people repaired to the river side, where they bathed in the *sacred* waters, said their prayers, counted their fingers, poured the muddy water down their infants' throats, and performed many other superstitious ceremonies, with the utmost solemnity, and countenances indicative of the sincerity of their hearts. Many of the females were decked with garlands of flowers, nose-jewels, large rings round their wrists, &c. Some deformed wretches and cripples attracted our attention, and excited our compassion. One man, bent almost to the ground, was supported by two of his companions, to the holy Ganges; there, he doubtless anticipated to wash away the pollution of his heart; ignorant of the blood of Jesus, which does indeed cleanse from all sin. O that an abler pen than mine would delineate to my ever dear Mrs. Carleton, this idol worship. Surely her pious heart would be filled with tender sympathy for these benighted Asiatics, and her prayers would become more constant, more fervent, for the introduction and spread of the blessed gospel among them. Gladly would American believers leave the healthy, civilized land of their birth, and spend their lives in preaching Jesus to the sultry heathen India, did they but know how wretched, how ignorant they are, and how greatly they need the gospel. Do christians *feel* the *value* of *that* gospel which bringeth salvation?

Let us leave this melancholy subject, and turn to one calculated to fill our minds with holy joy, and devout thanksgivings to God. In this land of darkness, where the enemy of souls reigns triumphant, I see the blessedness, the superior excellency of the christian religion. Yes, my friend, there is in heathen Asia a fa-

vored spot, where the darkness of heathenism is scattered, and the benign influences of the Holy Spirit are felt. Even here, Jesus has a people formed for his praise, redeemed by his precious blood, from eternal woe, and made heirs of bliss, everlasting. "Bless the Lord, O our souls, and all that is within bless and praise his holy name." Last Sabbath afternoon I shall ever remember with peculiar emotions. Mr. Ward, a missionary, blessed and beloved of our God, preached in Bengalee, to a large collection of Hindoos and Mahometans. The dear converted natives appeared to enjoy the precious season greatly. To hear them join in singing one of Zion's songs, to see them kneel before the throne of almighty grace, and listen with eagerness to the word of life, was sufficient to draw tears of joy from eyes which never wept before. After service, each dear christian Hindoo of both sexes, came to us with looks expressive of their joy, to see new missionaries; and, offering us their hands, they seemed to bid us a hearty welcome. I said to myself, such a sight as *this*, would eternally silence the scruples and the criminal opposition to missions of every real believer. While they would intercede for the success of missionaries, and praise the Lord for what he has already done for these once degraded wretches, they would weep, and repent in dust and ashes, for their former criminality. O, that every American might be prevented by sovereign grace, from opposing or discouraging those who feel willing to engage in this work, lest the blood of the heathen, at the last decisive day, should be required at their guilty hands.

Last evening, while thousands were preparing for the impure and idolatrous worship of Juggernaut, the native christians assembled in the missionary chapel for prayer. Their engagedness in prayer, though I could not understand a word they said, deeply interested my feelings.

July 31, 1812.—Providence, my dear Mrs. Carleton, has seen fit to change the scene of our labors. The East India Company are so much opposed to the spread of the gospel among their pagan subjects, that they have absolutely forbid our settling in Bengal. They have consented that we should go to the Isle of France, where missionaries are much needed, where there are 18,000 inhabitants, without one minister. We have just left the dear mis-

sion house at Serampore. I address you from a budgerow going to Calcutta. We shall sail next Saturday. We have only four days to prepare for a passage of two months. I have not one female acquaintance to accompany me to this land of strangers. But I hear the voice of an Almighty Saviour, saying, "Fear not, I am with thee; be not dismayed, I am thy God." Encouraged by these precious promises, I willingly enter upon the sufferings and employments of a missionary life. Oh, that American christians would strengthen me by their fervent prayers. Do not forget the cause of Immanuel, in distant pagan lands. And oh, forget not to love and pray for your friend,

H. NEWELL.

Copy of a Letter from a young woman in Hamden county, to her Mother, giving an account of her Religious Exercises.

May 5.

My dear and affectionate Mother,

HOW shall I express to you the joy which occasions this letter? When we partake of any peculiar earthly happiness, we naturally desire that our dearest friends, whom we most love and value, should participate in our joys. Shall I then hesitate to disclose my feelings to my tenderest earthly friend, to the guardian of my infant years? Shall I forbear to express to my dear Mother the sacred rapture that fills my heart, the heavenly joy that thrills through my inmost soul, and sweetly employs all my rational powers? no, my dear Mother, I must make the attempt; but it is not in my power to express the happiness I enjoy, nor could an angels tongue express the wonderful effects of divine grace in the heart. Suffice it then for me to say, that by the blessing of a holy, wise, and gracious God, I have a joyful assurance of the redemption of my soul, by Jesus Christ. O joy unspeakable and full of glory! O the boundless love and mercy of Christ! My thoughts are transported to the regions of immortal glory, while my feeble powers labour for expressions suited to this glorious theme. How inadequate the noblest powers of the human mind, to declare the riches of grace revealed to fallen man! How incomprehensible is the glorious scheme of salvation! Yet

we poor unworthy worms are, by the unbounded love of the Son of God, made partakers of its rich blessings through his blood; Eternity will not be too long to proclaim the wonders of that love, which the Saviour bore to the guilty children of men, when he deigned to *be made sin for us*—when for our sakes he suffered the dreadful agonies of death." The angels that surround his throne can never form a song worthy of that glory which was revealed, when on the cross he declared the *work of Redemption "finished!"*—when he *bowed his head and gave up the ghost!* And was this, O my soul, for thee? Yes, for thee he bled, for thee he died, and for thee he rose, and now pleads for thee in heaven. Shall I then go on in sin, and crucify my Lord afresh? No: blessed be God, who by the powerful energy of his holy Spirit upon my heart, has convinced me of the *evil nature* of sin and of my lost and miserable condition in consequence of it; and who has also taught me the insufficiency of all earthly objects to make me happy.

Eternal praise to him, who led me by his Almighty power to Jesus the glorious fountain, and who said to my perishing soul, "Take of the water of life freely." O happy moment, when Christ revealed himself to me by his holy Spirit! O the joy which I felt when Jesus said to my guilty soul, "thou shalt live!" Such mercies deserve to be repaid by a thousand lives, (had we them to live) all spent in the service of God.

Nor did my Lord delay to give this heavenly comfort: but while my soul was drawn forth to him in prayer for mercy, he gave me an evidence of pardon. O how transcendantly glorious and lovely did he then appear to my soul, when viewed by an eye of faith! Transported with heavenly joy, "My tongue broke out in unknown strains, and sung surprising grace."

Nor have these joys been momentary. The Sun, (that bright emblem of our glorious Redeemer, whose meridian splendor is but darkness, when compared with his gracious beams,) has twice performed his revolution round the earth, since the glorious *Sun of righteousness* poured his mild radiance on my benighted soul, and dispelled the darkness in which I was involved. The tempest in my troubled bosom was calmed, and tranquillity and joy succeeded. This love still pervades my heart, and I have the nev-

er-failing promise, that it will not cease to cheer my days while I trust in him. O Lord, enable me to prize this blessed promise, that trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ, I may spend the remainder of my days in thy service and to thy honor and glory, for Christ's sake, who hath redeemed my soul."

Thus, my dear Mother, I have endeavoured to make known to you the wonders which God hath wrought for my soul. And wherein my feeble powers have come short, I trust your own experience will supply the deficiency; and while you partake with me in the new-born joy, may you be enabled to give God the praise.

My dear parent, may I not hope you will pardon and forgive my many deficiencies in filial duty, as Christ is willing to forgive us all; and through him, and by him may we all be prepared to meet in his heavenly kingdom, *and go no more out.*

With all filial duty, I subscribe myself your affectionate daughter,
M— C—.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

WRITTEN IN AN HOUR OF AFFLICTION.

SHOULD sorrows rise and fill my soul.

Great God! to Thee I'll fly,
Thou canst each anxious thought control,
And when thou wilt,—I die.

When first my dawning days began,
Death mark'd me for his prey,
And hov'ring o'er each lengthen'd year,
Has closely watched my way.

All human means could not avail
To save my life from death,
When these all fail'd, Eternal God!
Thou didst preserve my breath.

Through various scenes thy providence
Has kept me from the grave,
And ward'd off unnumber'd ills,
For thou alone can save.

'Tis to thy hand I owe each hour

Of my protracted days,

Oh ! may the future all be spent

In speaking forth thy praise.

The powers of nature fail and faint,

Grow weary and despair,

Absorb'd in earthly scenes they sink

Encumber'd still with care.

Attach'd to comforts here below,

Which chain our hearts to clay,

Allied to dust, we cling to earth,

And fondly wish to stay.

Dear Jesus, may thy precious blood,

Cleanse this degenerate soul,

For though corrupted much by sin

'Tis Thou canst make it whole.

On thy blest name alone I trust,

For pardon, peace, and grace,

May death nor hell ne'er separate

My soul from Jesus' face.

Blest Spirit ! come and fill this soul,

With comfort, light and joy,

That thoughts of dear redeeming love

May every hour employ.

Thus when I'm call'd to leave the world

And moulder in the dust,

May angels waft my soul above,

To dwell among the Just.

With shouts of inward praise and joy

These lips would fondly sing,

"O, grave where is thy victory,

"O, death where is thy sting."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A SUBSCRIBER is informed that we are bound to God, and not
He to us ; agreeable to Luke xvii. 7, 8, 9, & 10.

CENSOR is refered to Luke, xiii. chap. 1, 2, 3, 4, & 5, verses.

The doctrine of P—H is not admissible, in our opinion; we abhor a Sectarian spirit, we refer the writer, to John i. 12. iii. 15, 16. xiv. 2. the whole of the xvii. after which the 1 Cor. xiii.

We refer N. to Matthew xxiv. 36, 42, 44, 45, 46. Mark xiii. 35, 36, 37. Luke xii. 42, 43.

We are thus copious in our references, in hopes that P—H & N. may have their views somewhat enlarged.

Z. is informed that we shall not raise a standard against the doctrine of *Calvin*.

We fear C—o has mistaken his subject for want of experience: surely to suppose that what the world calls a moral life is all that God requires, must be dry doctrine, and its advocates cannot have the root of the matter in them. We advise C—o to take the law from the kings own mouth, which may be found John iii. 3, 5, 7. 1. Peter, i. 23.

JUSTICE is informed that we have nothing to do with church discipline, or church disputes, If thou hast ought against thy brother go to him.

MALVINA & ARIA shall be inserted as soon as possible.

"Observations on Galatians vi. 10." are very correct, and shall have a place in our second volume.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

This number completes the first volume of the *CHRISTIAN MONITOR*,—such of our subscribers as wish to withdraw their subscriptions, are requested to give notice, at the Office in the course of next week; otherwise we shall consider them subscribers for the second volume, the first number of which will be issued on the 10th of July next.

Those subscribers who are desirous of having the *Monitor* bound, are informed that by sending them to this office, they will be immediately attended to, as the Editor has contracted with a Binder, by which means they will be done very cheap.

A Title page and Index to the first volume, will be ready for delivery next week.

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